A POWER COMIC

DEDICATED TO THE NEW BREED OF COMIC READERS!

SMASH!

No.46
17th DEC. 1966

EVERY MONDAY

7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

BATMAN AND ROBIN FOIL LITTLE NAPOLEON'S BANK RAID BUT THE VILLIAN SCUTTLES OFF—HOTLY PURSUED BY THE DYNAMIC DUO...

CAPTURING LITTLE NAPOLEON'S *MEN* IS *ONE* THING! CATCHING *HIM* IS *ANOTHER!*

MAYBE WE CAN STILL PICK HIM UP ON THE *BATSCOPE!*

---SO I CAN DROP THIS STICK OF *DYNAMITE!*

HOW *BALEFUL* OF YOU, BONEY!

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INSIDE:

THE LAST INCREDIBLE ROUND—

THE HULK

—v—

THE AVENGERS and THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

30 MILES LATER---

THE BLIP ON THE *BATSCOPE* KEEPS GETTING *CLEARER!*

THEY'RE JUST *AHEAD, ROBIN!* I CAN *SEE* THEM!

HA! TRY *THAT* ON YOUR *BATMOBILE, BATMAN!*

KA-BOOM!

National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966 ®

THEY'RE *GAINING!* SLOW DOWN AS WE CROSS THE RUSTIC BRIDGE, JOSEPHINE---

HOLY WATERLOO, *BATMAN!* THAT BOGUS BONAPARTE HAS BLOWN THE *BRIDGE!*

HANG ON, CHUM!

FLIP THE PAGE, BATFANS!

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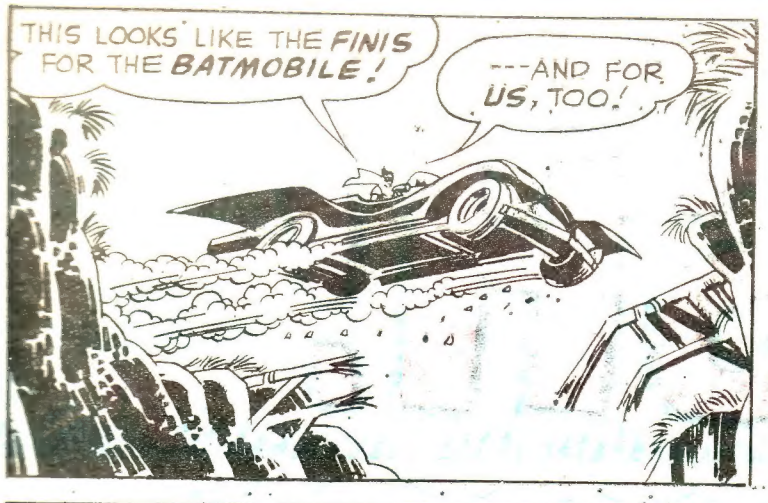

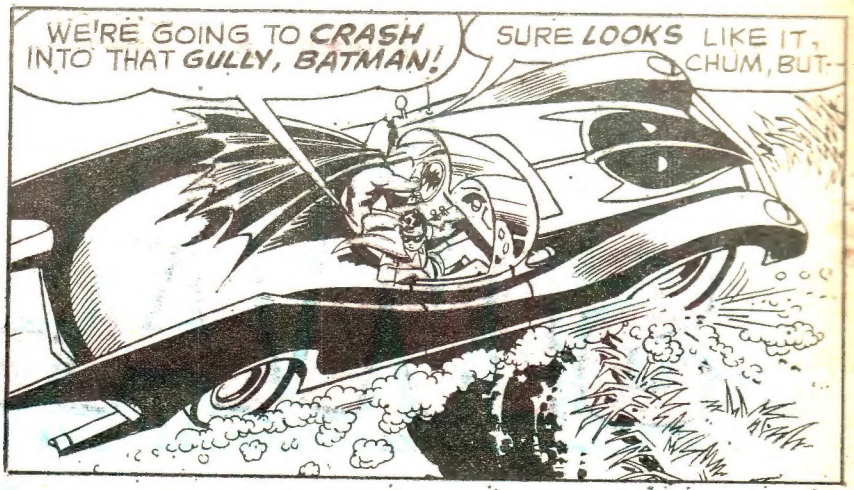

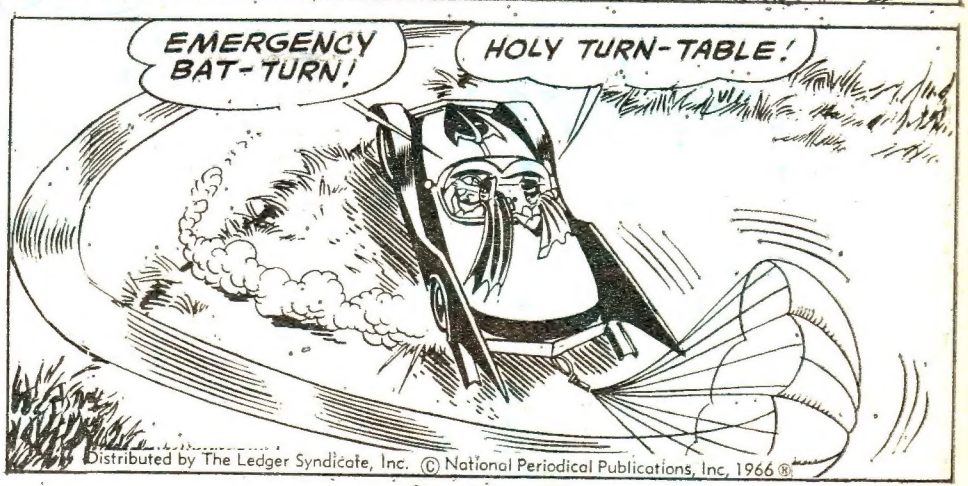
EMERGENCY BAT-TURN!
HOLY TURN-TABLE!
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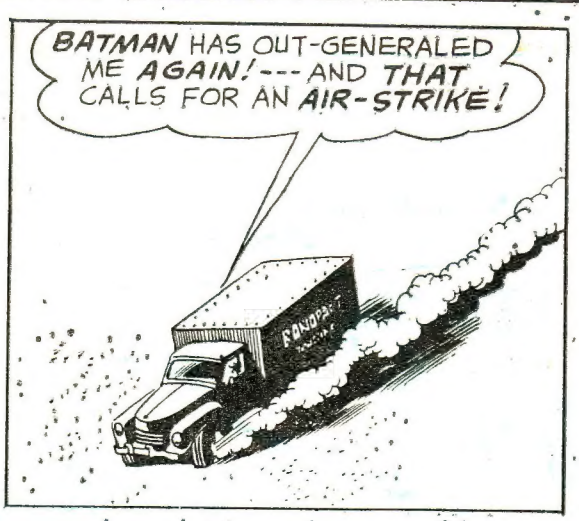

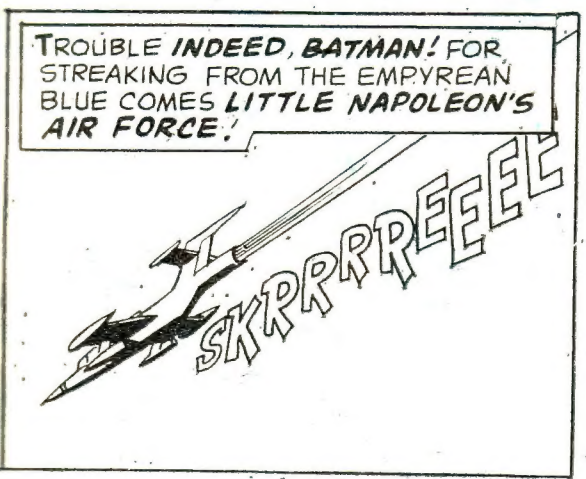

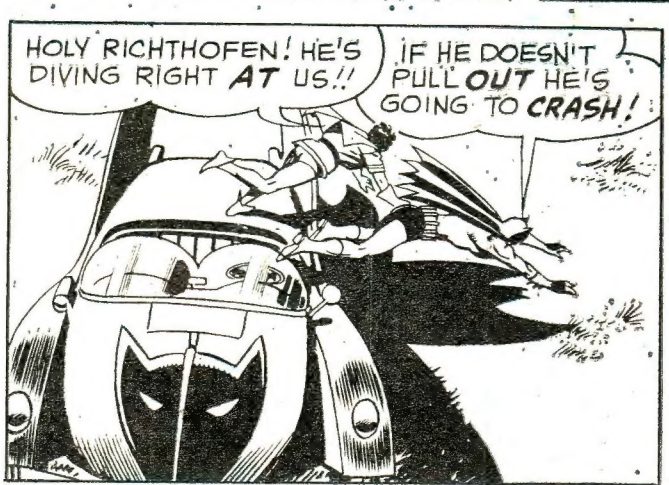

DEATH'S DIVING DOWN ON THE DYNAMIC DUO! CRASHING RESULTS NEXT **BAT-MONDAY!**

Percy's Pets

I'M POPPING DOWN TO THE SWEET-SHOP. DON'T GET UP TO ANY MISCHIEF, OR DAD WILL THROW US ALL OUT!

ZAT PERCY IS A NIT! I NOT BEHAVE! OLEZ!

SPANISH FLEA.

I THINK I'LL HAVE ZE BULLFIGHT! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR ZE LAUGHS!

ZE HEE! HEE! BUTCH BULL-FROG WILL MAKE A SMASHING BULL!

JAB!

OW!!

GRRR! I'LL TEACH THAT FLIPPIN' FOREIGNER TO STAB ME!

OLEZ!

AAA-AGH! — MISSED!

HEY! A FROG IN ME CUPPA!

SPLOSH!

SNAP! SNAP!

I'LL GET YOU, YOU OVERGROWN TADPOLE!

HELP! IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

STAMP! SNAP! SNAP! STAMP! STAMP!

LOOK OUT, DAD! BUTCH'S BIG BROTHER IS ON THE WARPATH...

I'LL GET REVENGE FOR POOR OLD BUTCH!

TOAD IN THE HOLE.

LEAP!

— I'LL FLATTEN THAT SPANISH NIT!

ZE HELP! THIS FLEA MUST FLEE!

CRUNCH!

HEH! HEH! I GOT HIM DEAD CENTRE! NOW I'LL GET BACK TO MY HOLE!

OOPS! WRONG HOLE!

BOOT!

OUT!

AAH! ANOTHER CUPPA! MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO DRINK THIS ONE IN PEACE!

— ER— 'SCUSE ME!

PLOP!

OUT! OUT! ALL OF YOU— GET OUT!

I JUST CAN'T LEAVE THEM ALONE FOR TWO MINUTES!

RECKON I'LL GIVE UP BULLFIGHTING!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

GRRR! GRRR! WHERE IS HE? I'LL TEACH HIM!

OH, DEAR! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT PENNY THAT LOVE LETTER! SHE HATES SOPPY STUFF!

GRRR! COME BACK! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU!

B-BUT PENELOPE! I LOVE YOU! I'D DO **ANYTHING** FOR YOU! **HELP! HELP!**

DID YOU SAY **ANYTHING?** ??!!!

HEH! HEH! A GREAT THING, THIS LOVE!

NOW TAKE ME HOME, JAMES! I'VE GOT ANOTHER LITTLE JOB FOR YOU.

YES, PENELOPE, DARLING.

MY HUT NEEDS PAINTING— SO GET ON WITH IT! **HEH! HEH!**

ERK! RIGHT AWAY, PENELOPE! **OOH!**

THIS IS THE LIFE! LOVER BOY DOES ALL THE WORK! **HEH! HEH!**

BUT...

AACH!

TAKE THAT! I DON'T LOVE YOU ANY MORE, PENELOPE! **BOO! HOO! HOO!** YOU'RE JUST USING ME! **SOB! SOB!**

GRR! **PULVERISATION!**

G-GULP! THIS IS WHAT MARRIED LIFE WOULD BE LIKE WITH HER!

MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNCIL

HELP! HELP!

HELP! HELP! I'VE GOT A PROBLEM! HELP ME!

GRRR! COME AND TAKE YOUR CLOBBERING LIKE A MAN! **GRRR! GRRR!**

MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNCIL

HELP!

SHRIEK! GO AWAY YOU **NASTY** CHILDREN!

BAH! FAT LOT OF HELP **THIS** PLACE IS!

GRRR! TAKE **THAT!**

G-GULP! PENELOPE'S LOSING HER TOUCH! SHE **MISSED** ME!

WATCH WHERE PENNY'S CLUB IS GOING, READERS

STAB!

AAGH! HELP! PENNY'S PUNCTURED THE WATER CART!

WHOOSH!

I NEVER MISS! **HEH! HEH!**

G-GULP!

NO! MERCY, PENNY!

HEH! HEH! NOW IT'S **MY** TURN TO DO SOME PAINTING!

ERK!

JUST A MINUTE, MY GIRL!

LOOK AT THAT! WE CAN'T CLEAN THE STREETS NOW— ALL THE WATER HAS RUN OUT!

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING **THESE!**

THOSE WILL DO THE JOB MUCH BETTER!

???

HO! HO! THAT'S WHERE A WIFE SHOULD BE— DOWN ON HER KNEES SCRUBBING! **HO! HO!**

COME ON! HURRY IT UP! YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER **THIRTY** STREETS TO CLEAN BEFORE YOU'RE FINISHED!

GRR! GRRR!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

ACTION STATIONS! PERHAPS THE GREATEST DUEL EVER IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! FOR **RUBBERMAN**, ALONE, IS ABOUT TO INVADE THE SINISTER TEMPLE OF **THE RAINMAKER**...

BUT RUBBERMAN IS SEEN...

I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!

THAT DAMP HORROR HAS HAD HIS WAY LONG ENOUGH! IT'S TIME WE HAD A SHOWDOWN!

AFTER HIM!

MAYBE I WON'T COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE! BUT ALL I WANT IS JUST TO GET MY HANDS ON THE RAINMAKER *BEFORE* THEY GET *ME*!

BUT THE RAINMAKER IS WATCHING...

THAT IS RIGHT, MY IMPETUOUS FRIEND! JUST A FEW PACES MORE! COME ON!

THEN...

WHAT..?

SLAM!

A MOMENT LATER ANOTHER DOOR SLAMS SHUT...

I'M TRAPPED! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

FIRST, THE WATER! THEN YOU SHALL MEET *ANOTHER* OF MY SPECIALLY TRAINED PETS, RUBBERMAN!

BUT EVEN AS THE GAP STARTS TO CLOSE ABOVE HIM...

GOODBYE, RUBBERMAN! YOU WON'T TROUBLE ME ANY MORE!

NOT **YET**, RAINMAKER! DON'T COUNT YOUR FISH EGGS BEFORE THEY'RE *HATCHED*!

RUBBERMAN FORCES OPEN THE SLIDING PANELS ABOVE HIM...

CURSE HIM! FOR THE MOMENT I FORGOT THAT HE CAN REACH WHERE OTHER MEN *CANNOT*!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

THE RAINMAKER ESCAPES, BUT RUBBERMAN HIDES BEFORE THE GUARDIANS ARRIVE...

IT WILL BE EASIER TO DEAL WITH THE RAINMAKER... AFTER I'VE GOT RID OF HIS SO-CALLED GUARDIANS!

WHERE IS HE? I CANNOT SEE HIM?

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SWITCH OPERATING THOSE DOORS! MAYBE *THIS* IS IT...!

SCREAMS OF FEAR RISE FROM THE GUARDIANS...

BACK! BACK!

AAAAAHHHH!

AND SOON, THE CRUSHING TENTACLES OF A GIANT OCTOPUS FIND A HOLD...

MASTER, SAVE US! SAVE... AAAAHHHH!

RUBBERMAN RUSHES ON...

I, YOUR MASTER, COMMAND YOU! *STOP HIM*!

HE'S GOT ONE OF THOSE DEVILISH *JET-GUNS*!

UUUUUHHHHH!

THEN...

BUT AN IRON DOOR NOW SEPARATES RUBBERMAN FROM HIS QUARRY...

NOW WHAT DO I DO? AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT... WHAT'S **HE** DOING IN THERE?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR...

WE HAVE ONE CHANCE OF SAVING OUR SKINS! *GET TO THE CONTROLS*!

WE SHALL MAKE THE RAINS COME! WE SHALL DESTROY EVERYONE IN THIS CITY... INCLUDING THAT ACCURSED RUBBERMAN. EVERYONE WILL PERISH... EVERYONE BUT **US**!

WILL THE RAINMAKER'S EVIL PLAN SUCCEED? IS THIS **THE END** FOR RUBBERMAN? SEE **SMASH** NEXT WEEK!

MEET...

Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

THREEPENNY FUN

SAVING all your money for Christmas? Don't worry—you only need three pennies for this trick. And you get them back when it's all over.

Place the three pennies in a row, as shown in the drawing, with TWO pennies showing TAILS and ONE showing HEADS.

The game is to turn the pennies so that they are all HEADS upwards. But you must do it in THREE moves, turning TWO pennies each time.

Seems impossible when you first try, but now follow the instructions below. . . .

THREEPENNY FUN

MOVE 1: Reverse two and three (T-T-H).
MOVE 2: Reverse two and three again (T-H-T).
MOVE 3: Reverse one and three (H-H-H).

Simple, isn't it—when you know how!

★

Match Spring

Here's a chance to spring a surprise on everyone. But it's one of those tricks with matches that you should always get Mum's permission to perform. Stand an EMPTY matchbox on its end and stick two dead matches between the tray and the cover with another jammed like a crossbar between them.

Now light the 'crossbar' exactly in the centre, and ask your audience which of the upright matches the flame will reach first.

They will still be making their guesses when the burning crossbar will ping away from the uprights. The flame will *never* reach either of the upright matches. But you must use a wooden matchbox that will hold the matches stiffly in place. The soft cardboard boxes will not do.

What is a kitten called immediately after it is a day old?

Answer: *Two days old.*

★

HANDSTAND

I bet all your mates can do an ordinary handstand, but I doubt if any of them can do it without lifting their heels from the floor.

Of course there's a trick in it—you simply lift the sole of one foot and put one hand under it; lift the other foot and put your other hand under that. Make sure your heel s don't leave the floor and you've won your bet!

★

YOU can bore a hole in an ice-cube, using only a paper straw! This amazing news comes from Knowall Yvonne Pennell of Cheltenham. It seems impossible and it will baffle all your buddies, but it is a very simple trick to perform.

Place the ice-cube in a glass of water and then place the end of the straw on the ice. Suck through the other end of the straw and before long, a hole will appear in the ice-cube. Keep sucking until the straw passes right through to the other side!

★

FANCY yourself as a comic artist? Maybe not, but Margaret Sands of Roehampton says you're bound to get a giggle by pretending you are—like this.

Stand in front of a mate with your pencil poised over paper and say: 'I am going to draw *you* in one line.'

Take your time about it, but get ready to run when you show the result to your victim—A LARGE LETTER 'U'!

ASK your mates if they can balance a matchstick on its head without striking the match or using anything sticky.

It won't be long before they give up for you to show them how. . . .

Just wrap a tiny piece of silver paper from a cigarette pack or bar of chocolate round the match-head and put it head first into a glass of water. The matchstick will float, balanced upright, as my drawing shows.

Where was the first tree planted?

Answer: *In the ground.*

Here's something to amaze everyone at your Christmas party.

Soak a length of thread in *very* salty water and then tie one end to a curtain ring. Holding it up, set fire to the thread and the curtain ring will remain suspended in mid-air by a 'thread' of salt.

Sounds fantastic, but it works! If it doesn't, you haven't used enough salt.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is:.....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET RID OF MY MONEY...
... AND THAT'S BY EATING IT!
THE TEN BOB NOTES AREN'T SO BAD, BUT THE POUNDS ARE HORRIBLE!
SLURP!
HEH! HEH! I DID IT! BURP! BROKE AT LAST! HIC!
OH, NO! HE'S EATEN ALL HIS MONEY!
YOU LITTLE FOOL, RONALD! WHAT MADE YOU DO IT? WE MUST GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!
TCH! STILL IN A PRAM AT HIS AGE! DISGUSTING!
STOP, MUM! STOP! I'M ALL RIGHT! LOOK, MUM! I'M AS FIT AS A FIDDLE!
OH, NO! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE, RONALD!
?
SLIP!
COME BACK! STOP! HELP!
LOOK OUT! RUNAWAY PRAM!
WHOOSH!
OOH, HECK! IT'S GOING UP! GULP!
COO! I'VE TAKEN OFF—I'M AIRBOUND!
WELL, I'M NOT WAITING FOR THE CRASH-LANDING!
YANK!
CLEVER, EH? THE HOOD OF THAT PRAM MAKES A SMASHING PARACHUTE!
BUT...
I WON, JAMES, OLD BOY! THAT'S £1000 YOU OWE ME! SEE? THAT LAD IN THE PRAM DIDN'T GET KILLED!
THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY! TAKE HALF! YOU WON A BET FOR ME!
G-GULP!
BAH! WHY CAN'T I JUST BE LUCKY FOR ONCE?

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

SHIVER!
BRR! IT'S FREEZING IN HERE!
THESE SEATS ARE COLD ON OUR SEATS!
SHIVER!
HEH! HEH! IT'S QUITE WARM ENOUGH! US SWOTS AREN'T COLD!

GRRR! IT'S ROTTEN TEACH'S FAULT!
???

LOOK, YOU CRUEL, NASTY TEACHER! YOU CANE US SO MUCH THAT OUR PANTS ARE THREADBARE AND LET IN ALL THE DRAUGHTS!
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR GETTING CANED! *SNIFF!* US SWOTS DON'T HAVE THAT TROUBLE!

GRR! YOU OLD CLEVER DICK!
LIFT-T-T-T!
ERK!

OH, NO!
TUG-

BLUSH!
HEH! HEH! I'M ALL RIGHT, I'VE GOT A LOVELY **THICK** PAIR OF PANTS NOW!
HE'S PINCHED RICHARD'S TROUSERS!
DASH-H-H!

TREMBLE!
GRR! HAND THEM OVER, YOU LITTLE THIEF!
NOT ON YOUR NELLIE!
RUN, BILLY, RUN! HEH! HEH!
BAH! THE ROTTEN, NAUGHTY BLOTS!

AAGH! AN AMBUSH!

STOP! OR I'LL FIRE!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
BOO! BOO! SHAME!
HEH! HEH! THAT'S BETTER! AND KEEP THOSE HANDS UP WHILE I SWOP PANTS!

BRR! I'M **FREEZING**! I'LL TURN UP THE HEAT!
TREMBLE!

VERY HOT
ZOOM-M-M
BURNT
YAROO! OH! AAGH!
IT'S BOILING! I TURNED IT UP TOO MUCH!
COO! HE MUST BE SWOTTING UP ON FLYING!

ZIP-P-P!
COO! THAT WAS A LUCKY LANDING!
THUD
AIEE!

THERE YOU ARE, RICHARD! YOU CAN PUT THEM BACK ON NOW!
THANK YOU, SIR!
DAZED!

GRR! LOOK WHAT THAT NASTY SWOT DID TO POOR BILLY! WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT!

YOU BET WE WON'T **GRR-RR!**

CHARGE! DEATH TO THE SWOTS!
THE BLOTS FOREVER! LETS GET THOSE PANTS BACK, LADS!
HELP!
SAVE ME, DEAR TEACH!
LEAP-P-

ONE STEP NEARER, MY BOY, AND I'LL—
?
PROD!

???
SLURP!

HEH! HEH!
PULL-L-L-
DASH-H-H!

AAGH! HE'S STILL GOT A CANE— **I'VE** ONLY GOT THE STRAIGHT BIT!
AHEM! JUST A TRICK I LEARNED FROM ADAM ADAMANT I KEEP ANOTHER CANE INSIDE MY CANE —NOT A SWORD I'M AFRAID, BUT EVERY BIT AS EFFECTIVE!

NOW—BEND OVER, YOU HORRIBLE LITTLE BLOTS!

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!
OOH!
OW!
IT LOOKS AS IF THINGS ARE HOTTING UP IN THERE!

GRR-RR! HOT'S THE WORD!

BAH! SMART GUYS!
CHEER UP, LADS, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT NOW? YOUR SEATS ARE ALL LOVELY AND WARM! HO! HO!
TOAST FOR TEA, SIR!
STING!
SORE!
THROB!
VERY HOT BLOTS!
HO! HO! CLEVER OLD SIR!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

IF YOU'VE MISSED SOME OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS OF THIS TOWERING TALE **DON'T DESPAIR**, BECAUSE THIS IS THE ONE THAT REALLY COUNTS! THIS FINAL CHAPTER IS THE ONE WHICH IS GOING TO MAKE THE HISTORY!

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT THE INCREDIBLE HULK HAS BEEN ON A WILD RAMPAGE... AND NOW BOTH THE AVENGERS AND THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE ARROWING IN UPON HIM!

FLAMING THROUGH THE SKY, THE *TORCH* IS FIRST ON THE SCENE, AS HE HEARS...

I *TRUSTED* YOU, KID! YOU KNOW ALL MY SECRETS! BUT YOU DESERTED ME--TEAMED UP WITH *CAPTAIN AMERICA*--!!

NO, HULK-- YOU'RE *WRONG!* IT ISN'T THAT WAY! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME...

BUT, BEFORE ANOTHER WORD CAN BE SPOKEN, A FLAMING FIREBALL MELTS THE GIRDER ON WHICH THE HULK IS STANDING!

THE TORCH!!

TORCH-- STAY BACK! HE WON'T HURT ME-- GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR BACKING OFF! IN A SAVAGE FRENZY, THE HULK HURLS AN ENTIRE SECTION OF FRAMEWORK AT HIS FAST-FLYING FOE...

STILL HOUNDING ME, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU WEAKLINGS A LESSON YOU'LL *NEVER* FORGET!

GUESS AGAIN, MUSCLE-BOUND! *THIS* TIME YOU DON'T HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE!

TORCH! THAT'S *ENOUGH!* YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! FLAME ALONE WON'T STOP HIM! LOOK-- WHEN I SAY THAT'S ENOUGH, I *MEAN* IT!

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IT'S IRON MAN HURLING ME AWAY WITH THAT BLAMED TRANSISTORISED MAGNETIC REPELLANT POWER OF HIS! HE PROBABLY WANTS THE CREDIT FOR WINNING THIS FIGHT TO GO TO THE AVENGERS!

BUT, AS THE TORCH BEGINS TO PLUMMET EARTHWARD...

IRON MAN USED TOO MUCH MAGNETIC INTENSITY! BLEW OUT TORCH'S FLAME! HURRY, BEN-- WE'VE GOT TO *CATCH* THE BOY!

REED! WOW-- IF EVER A FELLA NEEDED A FRIEND!

I'LL GET YOU, JOHNNY! JUST TRY TO RELAX-- LOOSEN UP TO CUSHION THE SHOCK OF IMPACT!

YOU'RE SAFE NOW, LITTLE PARTNER! DON'T BLAME IRON MAN-- IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE, HE UNDER-ESTIMATED HIS TRANSISTOR POWER!

WHEW! EVERYTHING'S SPINNING AROUND! GUESS THE DOC WAS RIGHT-- I'M STILL WEAKER THAN I THOUGHT!

LOOK, REED-- ABOVE US! IRON MAN'S TACKLING THE HULK, LET'S SEE HOW THAT BIG RUSTPOT MAKES OUT WITHOUT OUR HELP!

USED UP TOO MUCH MAGNETIC POWER ON THE TORCH! THE AMOUNT REMAINING ISN'T ENOUGH TO TOPPLE THE HULK! HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING *ELSE!*

BUT, MOVING LIKE A HUMAN DREADNAUGHT, THE INCREDIBLE HULK IS DETERMINED THAT HIS OPPONENTS WILL NOT *GET* THE TIME THEY NEED TO PLAN THEIR ATTACK...

HE'S IN JUST THE RIGHT POSITION! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SNAP THESE GIRDERS-- LIKE *THIS!*

HE OUT-MANOEUVRED ME! BY CHANGING THE STRESS AND BALANCES, HE'S TRAPPED ME WITHIN THESE TANGLED GIRDERS!

BUT NOT FOR *LONG!* I'LL ADJUST MY POWER TRANSISTORS TO HIGHEST INTENSITY AND PRY MYSELF LOOSE WITH EASE--AS SOON AS I CAN REACH THE CONTROLS IN MY MASTER PANEL!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, IRON MAN! DO NOT MOVE! MY *HAMMER* WILL SET YOU FREE WITH ONE SMASHING BLOW!

AND THE MIGHTY THUNDER GOD IS TRUE TO HIS WORD-- FOR, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...

RETURN TO ME, MY ENCHANTED MALLET!

OKAY, YOU GUYS *HAD* YOUR FUN! NOW STEP ASIDE AND LET AN *EXPERT* GO INTO ACTION!

HEY, HULK! I WAS ONLY FOOLIN' AROUND WITH YA BEFORE! *THIS* TIME I'M TAKIN' OFF THE KID GLOVES!

HOPE THE TV CAMERAS ARE CATCHIN' ALL THIS! MY PANTIN' PUBLIC DESERVES A CHANCE TO SEE THEIR FEARLESS HERO IN ACTION!

COME 'N GET IT, HULK! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, EVEN A *YANKEE STREETER* WILL BE ABLE TO PUSH YA AROUND!

I'M TIRED OF YOUR TAUNTS, THING! NOW I'LL END THEM FOREVER!

THE INDESCRIBABLE FORCE OF THEIR POUNDING ATTACK JARS BOTH THE POWERFUL ANTAGONISTS OFF THE NARROW GIRDER, AND...

I'M HEADIN' FOR A TUB OF SOFT CEMENT! I'VE GOTTA TRY-TO--TO--GLUBBBB!

THIS IS EXTREMELY HUMILIATIN'! MY FRANTIC FANS WON'T RECOGNIZE ME IF I DON'T GET OUT OF THIS STUFF!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, THING! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THAT CEMENT-- I'LL KNOCK YOU OUT OF IT!

THE THING IS A VALIANT FIGHTER-- TOO VALIANT FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO ALLOW HIM TO BE DEFEATED!

HUH?? SO-- IT'S YOU!

CATCHING THE MASSIVE IRON BALL, THE HULK HURLS IT BACK AGAIN TOWARDS THE AGILE CAPTAIN AMERICA WHO EASILY DODGES IT!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO GET RICK AWAY FROM ME! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!!

I ADMIRE YOUR DETERMINATION, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN BRUTE STRENGTH TO MAKE ME SAY UNCLE!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, ANY EX-ARMY COMBAT MAN KNOWS THAT IF HE APPLIES JUDO, THE STRONGER HIS ENEMY IS, THE MORE IT HELPS THE UNDER-DOG!

BECAUSE, USING MUSCULAR LEVERAGE, THE SKILLED FIGHTER CAN TURN THE FORCE OF HIS ENEMY'S STRENGTH AGAINST HIM!

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

YOU TALK A GOOD FIGHT, MASKED MAN! BUT THAT DOESN'T PAY OFF AT THE FINISH!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO WITH THAT GRAPPLING CABLE --BUT I'LL SHOW YOU I CAN DO MORE THAN JUST TALK--!

THUNK!

BAH! IF YOU THINK CIRCUS TRICKS MEAN ANY-THING, I CAN DO THEM TOO!

ALL RIGHT, MASKED MAN! NOW JUST STAY THERE! I'M COMING UP TO FINISH THIS!

BUT SUDDENLY, A GIGANTIC HAND REACHES OUT, AND...

HULK, IT'S TIME YOU REALISED THAT YOU CAN'T DEFEAT EVERY-BODY!

YOU!

YOU'RE WRONG, GIANT-MAN! AS LONG AS I HAVE MY STRENGTH, I CAN DEFEAT EVERYBODY! I CAN SMASH ANYTHING THAT LIVES!

YOU FORGOT-- EVEN THOUGH I'M ONLY HALF YOUR SIZE, I'M MANY TIMES STRONGER! AND I'LL PROVE IT NOW!

TIME FOR A SHRINKING CAPSULE-- FAST!

IT'LL ONLY TAKE ONE PUNCH TO-- HUH?? WHERE'D HE GO???

AND NOW FOR ANOTHER GROWTH PILL!

HERE I AM, LITTLE MAN! RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

THWACK!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT-- BUT IT'S NOT GONNA HELP YOU!! WHA--?? AGAIN??!!

IF MY PILLS HOLD OUT, MAYBE I CAN WEAR HIM OUT THIS WAY!

I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER! THE FIRST MISTAKE YOU MAKE WILL BE YOUR LAST!

BUT, AS THE STRANGE BATTLE RAGES, GIANT-MAN LEARNS THAT THE HULK IS NEARLY INEXHAUSTIBLE! HIS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH SEEMS TO INCREASE DURING THE STRAIN OF COMBAT!

HOLD EVERYTHING, HANK! HERE COMES THE WASP-- BRINGING THE CAVALRY TO THE RESCUE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

JAN, HONEY! YOU BROUGHT MY ANTS! JUST WHAT I NEED!

NOW STAY OUT OF THE WAY, JAN! THE HULK IS TOO DANGEROUS TO TAKE CHANCES WITH! I'LL GIVE THE ANTS THEIR ORDERS WHILE I CAN!

HMMPH! ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME A LITTLE THANK-YOU KISS!

WITH MILITARY PRECISION, THE SMALL ARMY OF ANTS BEGINS TO ATTACK THE POWERFUL HULK...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS ITCHING STOP !!

IF THE BATTLE LASTS MUCH LONGER, SOMEONE'S BOUND TO BE HURT! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO STOP IT, BY TURNING THE HULK BACK TO DOC BANNER...

NOW! WHILE HIS MOUTH IS OPEN! THIS EMERGENCY GAMMA-RAY TREATED CAPSULE WHICH BANNER GAVE ME MONTHS AGO!-- I MUSTN'T MISS!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE RIVER-- TO GET THE ANTS OFF HIM! BUT THE CAPSULE --WILL IT WORK???

HE PLUNGED INTO THE HUDSON! WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM!

NO! IT WILL BE HOPE-LESS!

HE HAS THE STRONGEST LUNGS ON EARTH! HE CAN STAY SUBMERGED FOR HOURS! WE'D NEVER FIND HIM!

AND SO THE BATTLE ENDS, AS THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND THE AVENGERS TURN AWAY FROM THE RIVER'S EDGE!

THUS, NO ONE OBSERVES THE HEAD WHICH APPEARS ON THE SURFACE A FEW MINUTES LATER! THE HEAD OF THE TORMENTED, NOW-HUMAN DR BANNER, WHO FLOATS SILENTLY AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE...
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, RICK! AT LEAST FOR THE PRESENT!
I WAS ALWAYS SAFE! THE HULK WOULD NEVER HAVE HURT ME! NO MATTER WHAT! I KNOW IT!

I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR THE HULK, RICK! IT'S A TRAGIC THING TO LOSE A PARTNER! PERHAPS I, MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE, REALISE WHAT A LOSS IT CAN BE--HOW IT CAN AFFECT A MAN OF ACTION!
HEY, THAT'S RIGHT! YOU USED TO HAVE A SIDEKICK NAMED BUCKY, DIDN'T YA?

THAT'S WHY CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS TAKEN RICK UNDER HIS WING--BECAUSE HE REMINDS HIM OF HIS OWN LOST PARTNER!
TOO BAD THE HULK CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT WE'RE NOT HIS ENEMIES! WE WAN'T TO SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF!

PERHAPS OUR BATTLE WAS NOT IN VAIN! IT GAVE US A CHANCE TO MEET--TO GET THE MEASURE OF EACH OTHER! AND I FOR ONE AM PLEASED WITH WHAT I HAVE SEEN!

I PRAY THE AVENGERS CAN MAKE A RECORD AS UNSULLIED AS THAT OF THE FABULOUS FANTASTIC FOUR!
I'M SO RELIEVED THAT IT'S ALL OVER--AND NONE OF US WAS INJURED!
ONLY MY PRIDE, BABY--ONLY MY PRIDE!
KNOW SOMETHIN', BENJAMIN? AFTER TANGLING WITH THE HULK, I SUDDENLY REALISE HOW CUTE AND LOVEABLE YOU REALLY ARE!

FOR THE AVENGERS AND THE FANTASTIC FOUR THE ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE HAPPENINGS HAVE ENDED! BUT FOR DR BRUCE BANNER, AND FOR THE **INCREDIBLE HULK**, THERE CAN BE NO ENDING! NO ESCAPE FROM THE TERRIBLE DESTINY THAT BRINGS WITH IT THE UTTER LONELINESS, THE DEEP AND DISMAL DESPAIR OF A HUNTED ANIMAL! DON'T MISS THE NEXT CHAPTER IN THE SAGA OF THE **INCREDIBLE HULK** IN NEXT WEEK'S **SMASH!**

news from the floor of 64

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DOES the name Nick Fury mean anything to you? If it doesn't it soon will—because Big Bart has brought off the scoop of the century! We can now reveal the fascinating fact that, thanks to Big Bart and all that telephoning he's been doing, Nick Fury, agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., will be appearing in POW!—the new Power-Comic we've all been working on! So now the line-up for POW! will be The Amazing Spiderman PLUS Nick Fury PLUS so many other goodies that we've lost count!

What a man that Nick Fury is! He built his reputation during the second World War when he was a sergeant in charge of the toughest bunch of combat-hungry characters that ever called each other Buddies. "The Howling Commandos" they were known as, and only Nick could handle 'em! So now you know something about the man who'll be waiting for you in the pages of POW! on January 14th.

THIS is the big week for THING fans—for this is the week we start sending out THING sweatshirts to every Power-Pack Person with a letter published in WHAM. So, if you think a THING sweatshirt would do THINGS for you, don't be bashful! Get the pen moving—because someone has to be lucky and it might as well be you!

FOR those of you who are interested in that sort of thing (and we hope that means all of you!) in next week's SMASH we'll be including a special pictorial feature on Giant Man (who is also Ant Man) which supplies all the answers to the questions that many of you have been asking. For instance, how does he get large and small? How does his cybernetic helmet operate? What does he do in his spare time? Why—we learnt some things about Giant Man that we didn't know ourselves!

Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.

Miles Hutchinson, Kinlochleven, Argyll; Linda Hiscox, Dudley, Worcs.; David Llewellyn, Paddington; Donald Macdonald, Perth, Scotland; Muriel Riley, Hull; T. Harris, Littleover, Derby; Keith Thornton, Barnsley; Keith Dobbs, Hayes, Middx.; Ian Porter, S. Shields; John Tyrrell, Dublin; Kevin Hardingham, ; Norwich; Stephen Jennings, Birmingham; Martin Long, Bromley, Kent; Anthony McKeever, London, N.W.2.; John Coleman, Battersea, London; Trevor Short, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.; Paul Backburn, Pontefract, Yorks.; Davy Walker, Brierly Hill, Staffs.; Alan Aitkem, Edinburgh; Peter Reynolds, Northampton.

MEET THE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH...

TUFFY McGREW

COO! I WISH I WAS AS TOUGH AS THESE WRESTLERS! THEY'RE BIG AND STRONG AND BULGING WITH MUSCLES!
WRESTLING
ONE LEGGED SIO v THE MAD MONK
THE ONE ARMED PANDIT v PRETTY BOY THUJ
☆ THE MERSYSIDE MAULER ☆
WILL CHALLENGE ALL COMERS - £10 A ROUND
IF YOU LAST THAT LONG!!! ☆
PAY HERE
WRESTLING TONIGHT
PLEASE, MISS! PLEASE, MISS! BAH! SHE CAN'T SEE ME!
I'LL LIFT MYSELF UP ON THE LEDGE, SO SHE CAN SEE ME—ERK!
HELP! HE'S PULLING THE KIOSK DOWN INTO THE FLOOR!
CRUNCH!
CREAK!
ONE, PLEASE!
PAY?
RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—£10 FOR EVERY ROUND YOU STAY WITH THE MERSEYSIDE MAULER! WHO'S GOING TO BE FIRST?
COO! DON'T HE LOOK TOUGH!
PING!
PONG!
GOSH! ONE OF THE MAULER'S BUTTONS HAS COME OFF HIS GOWN!
I'D BETTER GIVE IT BACK TO HIM—IT LOOKS LIKE SOLID GOLD!
ER—EXCUSE ME, MISTER MAULER—
TAP TAP!
COO! HE'S FAINTED!
A TAP FROM TUFFY IS LIKE A KICK FROM A MULE...
???
CRAK!
GRR! WHERE IS HE? WHO HIT ME?
OOPS! I'VE DROPPED THE BUTTON!
EXCUSE ME, MISTER—YOU'RE STANDING ON THE BUTTON!
ERK!
COO! HIS LACES MUST HAVE BEEN LOOSE!
AAGH!
SICKENING CRUNCH!
YAHOO! GOOD OLD TUFFY!
GIVE HIM THE MONEY, BARNEY!
—8—9—10—OUT!
COO! WHAT A GENEROUS BLOKE THE MAULER IS—I GOT £10 FOR GIVING HIM BACK HIS BUTTON!!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

BAH! ANOTHER HISTORICAL PROGRAMME TONIGHT! I GET ENOUGH OF THAT STUFF AT SCHOOL! I THINK I'LL READ MY JAMES BOND BOOK!

EGAD! I BET SIR WALTER RALEIGH COULD SHOW *HIM* A THING OR TWO!

GRRR! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S RUDE TO READ OVER PEOPLE'S SHOULDERS? GET BACK IN THERE, SO I CAN SWITCH YOU OFF!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! NO ONE SWITCHES **ME** OFF!

AAGH!

HEH! HEH! HAND OVER THAT BOOK, KNAVE! METHINKS I SHALL ENJOY IT!

NO! **NO!** YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! IT'S **MINE!**

COME ALONG, HAND IT OVER, LAD!

RIP!

AAGH! YOU BIG TINNED CLOT! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! MUM WILL SKIN ME ALIVE – YOU'VE TORN MY PANTS!

GULP! I'M OFF! I KNOW WHAT **MY** MUM'S LIKE! HE CAN KEEP HIS BOOK! IT ISN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE!

OH, NO! YOU'VE RIPPED YOUR PANTS AGAIN! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

YES, MUM! SENT TO BED! GULP!

AND SO...

AH, WELL! AT LEAST I CAN READ MY BOOK IN PEACE NOW!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! LIGHTS OUT AND THEY STAY OUT – OR ELSE!

G-GULP!

BAH! I SUPPOSE IT WILL HAVE TO BE TELLY, AFTER ALL! MUM DIDN'T TAKE **THAT** AWAY!

COO! LOOK AT THAT!

HEH! HEH! GOOD OLD SIR FRANCIS DRAKE! HE'S BURNING THE SPANISH SHIPS! THEY GIVE OFF A SMASHING LIGHT!

BAH! THAT DIDN'T LAST LONG, THE SHIPS SANK!

OH, BOY! IT'S THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON NOW. IT GIVES OFF AN EVEN BETTER LIGHT!

AND THAT WAS THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON. NOW FOR—

YOU BIG TWIT! WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE KEPT IT GOING UNTIL THE END OF MY BOOK? I MAY AS WELL SWITCH OFF, HISTORY IS USELESS!

OH, BOY! WAIT A MINUTE!

HELLO, CHARLES, MAYBE I CAN BE OF HELP?

NOT HALF YOU CAN'T!

HO! HO! GUESS WHO?

WHAT A LIGHT — IT'S AS BRIGHT AS DAY!

GOLD FINGER

GOOD OLD FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE – THE LADY OF THE LAMP! MY TELLY DID IT AFTER ALL!

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

HEH! HEH! THEY DON'T CALL ME A **GENIUS** FOR NOTHING, YOU KNOW!

SNIP!

HALLO! WHAT'S THAT TATTY TOM BEEN UP TO...?

COO! A TELEVISION! I WONDER WHAT'S ON?

KATTY SNAK CONTAINS LIVER AND LOTS OF OTHER NICE THINGS—

KATTY SNAK

HECK! ANOTHER CAT FOOD COMMERCIAL!

?

KATTY SNAK

PLOP!

—SUCH AS **MICE!** HEH! HEH! GOT YOU, DANGER MOUSE!

!

KATTY SNAK

YOU JUST STAY THERE WHILE I GET SOME TOMATO SAUCE! IT'LL MAKE YOU MORE TASTY!

ZZZZ

KATTY SNAK

GOOD THING I AWAYS KEEP A SPARE TIN-OPENER!

KATTY SNAK

TCH! I'LL HAVE TO TEACH THAT DARN CAT A LESSON!

I'LL JUST BORROW HIS CUT-OUT SCREEN!

LATER...

SO THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE GOT TO? YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME! THAT'S NOT A REAL TELEVISION!

THIS TIME I'LL GET YOU FOR **GOOD!**

BIFF!

SOCK!

OWW!

OOH!

OUCH!

BLAM!

AARGH!

POW!

HEH! HEH! IT LOOKS LIKE HE GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!

OUT!

KICK!

OUCH!

ARE *YOU* FEELING ALL *KNOCKED OUT* LIKE THIS TATTY TOM? THEN TAKE **WACKO** FOR A SPEEDY RECOVERY! *HEH! HEH!*

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

EVIL DOCTOR GOOLE HAS KIDNAPPED PROFESSOR PYE BUT THE MAN FROM BUNGLE IS ABOUT TO REPORT WHERE GOOLE HAS GONE—OR SO HE THINKS! LOOK AT THAT CROCODILE! *GULP! GULP! GULP!*

SLOBBER!

ENEMY AGENTS! ME FAVOURITE GRUB! SLURP! SLURP!

BAH! IT'S BLINKING RAINING AGAIN! DOESN'T IT *EVER* STOP? BETTER PUT UP MY BROLLY!

AIEE! I'VE BEEN STABBED!

JAB!

FLOMP!

G-GULP! WHAT WAS THAT?

WAH! ONE OF DOCTOR GOOLE'S TAME CROCS! I'VE GOT TO HIDE! **HELP! MOTHER!**

BOO-HOO! MY DINNER DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME!

MNROOB!

AHA! THE FOOL'S RUNNING THIS WAY! WE'LL GIVE HIM A NICE WELCOME!

CRUNCH!

OH, MOTHER, SAVE ME! COME IN, CHIEF—ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?

AHA! THERE'S A DOOR! WE'LL SEE WHERE IT LEADS!

FALSE WALL

MEANWHILE...

FLASH!

OPEN

CLOSE

TV SCAN.

CREAK!

RIGHTO, BORIS. BE A GENTLEMAN AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR HIM!

GRIND!

RASP!

HEE! HEE! O.K., DOC!

YIKES! I'VE NEVER SEEN DOORMEN LIKE THAT BEFORE!

GERARK!

QUICK! TURN THE PAGE, READERS—

CHORTLE! CHORTLE! CACKLE! CACKLE!
SNAP!
BITE!
DANCE
TIME TO GET HIM TO DROP IN ON US, I THINK!
PRESS!
PANT! PANT! GASP!
HELP! SOMEBODY'S GONE AND NICKED THE GROUND FROM UNDER MY VERY FEET!
DROP!
GERONIMO!
THIS IS A RIGHT LETDOWN!
THUNK!
THREE DAYS LATER...
AHA! THE POOR MISTER BUNGLE HAS WOKEN AT LAST! GOT A NASTY HEADACHE THEN?
TWEET! TWEET!
DAZE!
I'VE GOT A HYPODERMIC READY TO GIVE HIM A QUICK JAB!
Mike Brown
GOOD MAN, BORIS! THAT MONSTER JAB SHOULD PUT HIM TO SLEEP FOR EVER! WE DON'T WANT HIM BLABBING ALL OUR SECRETS TO HIS BOSSES!
MMM!
HEE! HEE! IT'S WORKING, DOC! HE'S GOT A STARRY LOOK IN HIS EYES!
RAGE!
GIMME MORE!
YOU FOOL! YOU MUST HAVE PUT THE WRONG STUFF IN!
GULP! GULP!
SNATCH!
BONK!
LUVLY! THAT DID ME A POWER OF GOOD!
BONK!
GRAB!
TINE I WAS UP, I THINK!
ACHE! THROB! ACHE!
BOING!
SPRING!
I'M SAFE UP HERE! I'LL CONTACT THE BOSS AGAIN AND GET HIM TO SEND SOME HELP!
THROB!
WHAT A BLUNDER! THE LIGHT CORD'S GOT A FUSE RUNNING DOWN THROUGH IT, AND THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB IS FULL OF NITRO GLYCERINE! WHAT A SHOCK HE'LL GET!
CAN THE MAN FROM BUNGLE ESCAPE THIS TIME? FIND OUT, NEXT WEEK!

be a SMASHER—write to SMASH!

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

AND WIN £1

★ ★

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am sorry to hear that you are worried about not being able to answer all the letters you receive, but please stop worrying and get to sleep at night. Because as long as I can get SMASH each week and read all the great stories that's all that matters. I cannot wait for the next week's SMASH.

Kevin Darlington,
Penn, Staffs.

Thanks for the reassuring words, Kevin. You've no idea how much better you've made us feel.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Sirs,

Ever since I picked up a copy of 'Smash!' belonging to my younger brother at home, your comic has been the real IN CROWD thing to read. We can't even wait to have it sent from home now, we actually *buy* a copy, and that means that you are really IN since we don't even buy the *Times*. Mind you if the *Times* had the INCREDIBLE HULK a lot more Top People (like us) would read it. But since Thomson's crowd is a different lot from you I suppose that is an impossibility.

Meanwhile, back at the Ranch . . . seriously LUVELY CUDDLY HULK is all over the wall of my pad, I've got six pics of him to every one of Batman. What I would really like to know is if you can flog me an INCREDIBLE HULK sweatshirt. I would give you all my grant (or what's left of it) and all my Green Shield Stamps if only you could let me have one.

SMASH! is the greatest thing since sliced bread and Aubrey Beardsley. Let's have lots and lots more BIG pics of HULKY, I still have room on my ceiling for him.

Keith Pearce,
University of Exeter,
Exeter, Devon.

Alas and Alack—The Hulkable Sweatshirts have now all gone.

Somewhere in these sceptred isles a hundred of them are being proudly worn. But, one of the tragedies of our lives is that after giving all these gorgeous garments we have never, ever seen one being worn! We have a feeling you really would have made a noise with yours, Keith, if we had one to send you. But all we can do is forward you a paltry pound instead. We know mere money can never take the place of the HULK. But what can we do?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I wish there were less advertisements in SMASH for chewing gum and cakes and so on and more comic strips like Queen of the Seas. I thought at first SMASH was just another waste of paper but it caters for younger people with the Swots and the Blots and The Nervs and for older people with Rubber Man and The Legend Testers. I think it is a waste of space with Batman and Robin as we see enough of them on television. If you SMASH writers could introduce a new form of comic strip I'm sure a lot more people would read it.

P.S. As I've only just started reading SMASH, who are Alf and Cos?

Martin Clarke,
Knottingley, Yorkshire.

We had to read your letter twice, Martin, to be quite sure whether you were saying you liked us or not. But we finally decided you do.

Without going too deeply into the subject of advertising matter, the hard truth is that the money which the advertisers pay helps to pay for the cost of producing the comic. This is true of nearly all magazines produced. Without, say, a page of advertising matter, the paper would be four pages smaller.

So you don't go for the Caped Crusader. But a lot of readers do.

As for our writers introducing a new form of strip, well, we like to think that we already have something special going between us and our readers. You yourself have said that SMASH isn't just another waste of paper.

Alf and Cos? They, and all the background Power gang were talked about in SMASH No. 41.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Do I dig SMASH. Why with Sub-Mariner, the Incredible Hulk and The Avengers the comic could not be greater. Or could it? I think Batman, The Rubber Man, The Avengers, The Swots and the Blots, Ronnie Rich, Grimly Feendish, The Legend Testers and The Queen of the Seas plus the Letter Page should stay. The rest should GO. They're just the normal Brand X comic stories, and that's unforgivable. So let's make way for the X Men, Dare Devil, Sergeant Fury and the Great Great Spiderman.

So until the next time we hear the immortal words "Avengers—Assemble," I'll bid you farewell,

Malcolm Nobbs,
Folkestone, Kent.

Now there's a fully-informed Power-Pack Person if ever we met one! Sounds like we've been given our instructions. But we're not worried, because some of these things at least are even now being made to come to pass.

Spiderman AND Nick Fury will be appearing in POW, on sale January 14th. And we'll be featuring X-Men in another show-case to be announced shortly. And just because we like you all, the Mighty Thor will be starred as well!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think that SMASH is the best comic you can buy with such great features as THE HULK (who I hope will keep on smashing) and the Legend Testers which is a great story, and of course BATMAN, who I am sure will keep winning, and lastly Rubber Man, which is really exciting. I have had SMASH right from the beginning and there has never been a feature that hasn't been good. So keep up the good work and I'm sure that more people will start reading SMASH. I think you're the only people who could do this comic well and you do.

Roland Powell,
Tolworth, Surrey.

Can you wonder that our chests puff with pride, knowing we've got readers like you, Roland! Right at this moment we wouldn't change places with anyone.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm writing this in red and black ink hoping that it will attract your attention, because this is the third time I've written hoping to have a HULK sweatshirt, for I'm a great fan of yours.

Your ever-loving lover of HULK, BATMAN & ROBIN, BAD PENNY, RUBBER MAN, CHARLIE'S CHOICE, AVENGERS, SWOTS AND THE BLOTS, RONNIE RICH, FEENDISH, LEGEND TESTERS, QUEEN OF THE SEAS. In other words, the whole comic is SMASHING.

Susan Merrison,
Gravesend, Kent.

Dear Susan,

How we wish we had a Hulk Sweatshirt to send you. But as we explained, the cupboard is now bare. But brighten up—after all, you can always buy yourself something nice with the pound note we're sending you.

Alf and Cos.

Jaco
STRONG, SWIFT, SMOOTH & SILENT THAT'S
"JACOskates"
AND NO DEARER THAN ORDINARY SKATES
From sports, games and toy shops.
JACOBS ROLLER SKATES
70/82 HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON E2

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS

...THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO OLYMPUS, THE LEGENDARY HOME OF THE GREEK GODS, WHERE THEY SEEK THE CROWN OF ZEUS. BUT ZEUS, CONVINCED THEY HAVE COME TO ATTACK HIM, HAS ORDERED THEM TO BE KILLED!

ZEUS! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! THERE IS AN ATTACK TO BE MADE — BUT BY THE TITANS! EVEN NOW THEY MAKE READY!

YOU LIE TO SAVE YOUR MISERABLE LIVES!

KILL THEM!

AND AT THE WORDS OF ZEUS, TWO GREAT SWORDS BEGIN TO DESCEND!

AMONG THE ASSEMBLY WATCHING ROLLO AND DANNY LIVE OUT THE LAST FRACTION OF A SECOND OF LIFE THAT REMAINS TO THEM, IS QUICKSILVER — THE ONE WHOM ROLLO AND DANNY AIDED IN THE FOREST....

COULD IT BE THAT THESE MORTALS HAVE BEEN WRONGLY ACCUSED? ARE THE TITANS REALLY ON THE MARCH?

IF THESE MORTALS ARE TO BE SAVED THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME! AND YET — FOR QUICKSILVER — PERHAPS THERE IS TIME ENOUGH!

AND WITH THE THOUGHT, QUICKSILVER MOVES! MOVES WITH SUCH SPEED THAT HIS VERY BODY SEEMS TO DISSOLVE!

FOR THIS IS THE POWER THAT QUICKSILVER, THE WINGED MESSENGER, POSSESSES! THE POWER TO MOVE AT AN UNBELIEVABLE — A FANTASTIC PACE! . THROUGH THE CITY HE SPEEDS ...

... AND THEN ON TOWARDS THE FOREST... IN A BLUR OF MOVEMENT TOO FAST FOR ANY EYE TO FOLLOW!

AND BELOW HIM NOW HE ESPIES A GROUP OF TOWERING GIANTS ADVANCING UPON THE CITY WALLS!

THE TITANS! COMING TO ATTACK ZEUS! SO THE TWO MORTALS SPOKE THE TRUTH!

AND QUICKSILVER TURNS, TO RACE BACK THE WAY HE CAME!

IF I AM TO SUCCEED IN SAVING THE LIVES OF THE MORTALS I MUST MOVE FASTER THAN EVEN I HAVE EVER MOVED BEFORE!

AND SUCH IS THE MIND-STAGGERING SPEED OF QUICKSILVER THAT THE ENTIRE MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED IN THE BRIEF MOMENT OF TIME IT HAS TAKEN FOR THE SWORDS OF THE EXECUTIONERS TO DESCEND ONE FOOT UPON ROLLO AND DANNY!

STOP! THESE MEN MUST NOT DIE!

WHAT!!! YOU DARE TO INTERRUPT THE JUSTICE OF ZEUS! FOR YOUR SAKE, QUICKSILVER, I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD REASON!

I HAVE GOOD REASON, ZEUS!

EVEN AS WE SPEAK THEY ADVANCE UPON YOU!

THE TITANS!

ROLLO AND DANNY ARE FORGOTTEN!

TO THE WALLS! DEFEND THE CITY!

BUT ALREADY THE WALLS HAVE BEEN BREACHED BY THE MIGHTIEST CREATURES THAT DWELL IN OLYMPUS — THE SAVAGE, GIGANTIC TITANS!

MIGHTY ZEUS! WHAT CAN WE DO?

AND WHILST THIS SAVAGE, UNEQUAL STRUGGLE IS BEING WAGED, ROLLO AND DANNY, ALONE IN THE THRONE ROOM, ALSO STRUGGLE — AGAINST THE ROPES THAT BIND THEM!

AAH..! THE ONE WHO TIED US UP DID HIS JOB WELL! I CAN'T LOOSEN THESE ROPES. AND, TRUSSED LIKE THIS, WE'RE HELPLESS!

THEN... THE MASSIVE DOOR SPLINTERS OPEN... AND FRAMED IN THE SHATTERED DOORWAY THEY SEE A HUGE AND MONSTROUS FIGURE!

IT'S ONE OF THE TITANS! AND HE'S SEEN US!

NEXT ISH: WHEN GODS DO BATTLE!

THE NERVS

INSIDE FATTY'S MOUTH...

OH, BOY! A PIECE OF MEAT STUCK BETWEEN FATTY'S TEETH! I CAN HAVE A SUPER NOSH-UP TONIGHT! A *TEETH*-BONE STEAK! *SLURP!*

MOUTH WASH & BRUSH UP 3?

AAGH!

PICK!

GOOD! I'VE GOT IT OUT! I *HATE* HAVING STUFF STUCK IN MY TEETH!

GRRR! THE BIG FAT ROTTER! IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME! EVERY TIME I THINK I'M ON TO SOMETHING GOOD, HE POKES IN WITH THAT BLOOMING TOOTHPICK AND GETS IT FIRST!

GNASH!

GNARR!

BUT I'LL BE READY FOR HIM NEXT TIME! HEH! HEH!

NEXT DAY...

WHAT A NUISANCE! I'VE GOT A BIT OF BEAN STUCK BETWEEN MY TEETH! I'LL HAVE TO PICK IT OUT!

AND INSIDE FATTY'S MOUTH...

HEH! HEH! HERE COMES FATTY'S TOOTHPICK AGAIN!

CONDEMNED

HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT *THIS* TIME! HEH! HEH!

BANZAI!

CHOP!

BAH! IT'S *BROKEN!* I'LL HAVE TO USE ANOTHER!

OH, OH! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THAT SECOND TOOTHPICK'S ANY GOOD NOW, EITHER...

BANZAI

CHOP!

THERE'S A BIT OF CRUST ON TOOTH 22! NOW I CAN HAVE BEANS ON TOAST TONIGHT — ONCE I'VE CHOPPED UP ALL FATTY'S TOOTHPICKS! HEH! HEH!

BAH! BROKEN AGAIN! THESE THINGS ARE USELESS!

HEY, BUTCH! I'LL HAVE TO HAVE MY AXE BACK! I'VE GOT TO CHOP DOWN A FEW INGROWING HAIRS ON FATTY'S HEAD!

MOUTH DEPT

B-BUT, I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH IT YET!

YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!

GRRR! HAND IT OVER, YOU TWERP! IT'S *MINE!*

HOLLOW TOOTH

AAGH! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! FATTY'S GOT MY BEAN! WAA-AAH!

PICK!

IT'S ALL *YOUR* FAULT! MY BEAN'S A *HAS-BEEN!* WAA-AAH!

AAGH! HELP! CALL HIM OFF!

GRRR! MAYBE *THIS* WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF MY WAY! THIS BIT OF TOOTHPICK IS JUST THE JOB TO PIN YOU DOWN!

THWAP!

ALL I WANTED WAS MY AXE BACK! SOB! SOB!

MEANWHILE...

NOW TO GET THAT BIT OF *CRUST* OUT!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S WHAT *HE* THINKS! I'M BACK IN BUSINESS!

CHOP!

OH, NO! AND THAT'S THE LOT! I'VE NO MORE LEFT! THAT BIT OF CRUST WILL HAVE TO STAY THERE!

TOOTHPICKS

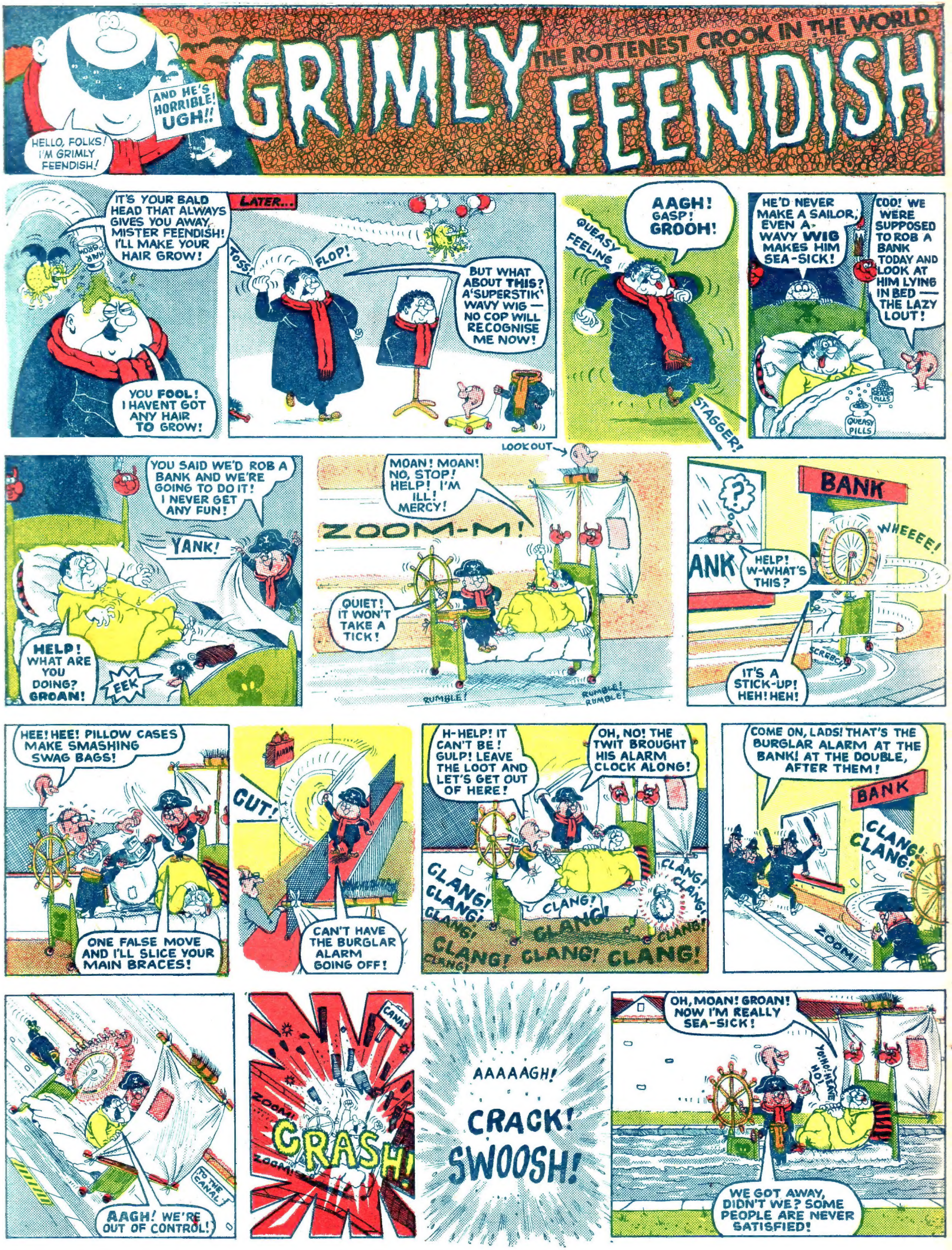
HEE! HEE! NOW I'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO BAKE THIS PIECE OF CRUST! FATTY'S GOT NO MORE TOOTHPICKS! I'VE CHOPPED THEM ALL UP!

LATER...

GOSH! MY MOUTH FEELS AS IF IT'S ON FIRE! IT'S ALL INFLAMED! ALL THAT POKING COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ANY GOOD!

HEH! HEH! IT'S INFLAMED ALL RIGHT!

THOSE TOOTHPICKS MAKE A SMASHING BLAZE TO DO MY TOAST! HO! HO!


HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
IT'S YOUR BALD HEAD THAT ALWAYS GIVES YOU AWAY, MISTER FEENDISH! I'LL MAKE YOUR HAIR GROW!
HAIR GROW
YOU FOOL! I HAVENT GOT ANY HAIR TO GROW!
LATER...
TOSS!
FLOP!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS? A 'SUPERSTIK' WAVY WIG — NO COP WILL RECOGNISE ME NOW!
QUEASY FEELING
AAGH! GASP! GROOH!
STAGGER!
HE'D NEVER MAKE A SAILOR, EVEN A WAVY WIG MAKES HIM SEA-SICK!
COO! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO ROB A BANK TODAY AND LOOK AT HIM LYING IN BED — THE LAZY LOUT!
PILLS
QUEASY PILLS
YOU SAID WE'D ROB A BANK AND WE'RE GOING TO DO IT! I NEVER GET ANY FUN!
YANK!
HELP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GROAN!
EEK
LOOK OUT
MOAN! MOAN! NO, STOP! HELP! I'M ILL! MERCY!
ZOOM-M!
QUIET! IT WON'T TAKE A TICK!
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!
BANK
WHEEEE!
ANK
HELP! W-WHAT'S THIS?
CREECH!
IT'S A STICK-UP! HEH! HEH!
HEE! HEE! PILLOW CASES MAKE SMASHING SWAG BAGS!
ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL SLICE YOUR MAIN BRACES!
AIRBN
CUT!
CAN'T HAVE THE BURGLAR ALARM GOING OFF!
H-HELP! IT CAN'T BE! GULP! LEAVE THE LOOT AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, NO! THE TWIT BROUGHT HIS ALARM CLOCK ALONG!
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
COME ON, LADS! THAT'S THE BURGLAR ALARM AT THE BANK! AT THE DOUBLE, AFTER THEM!
BANK
CLANG! CLANG!
ZOOM!
AAGH! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!
TO THE CANAL!
CANAL
ZOOM!
GRASH!
ZOOM!
AAAAAGH!
CRACK!
SWOOSH!
OH, MOAN! GROAN! NOW I'M REALLY SEA-SICK!
YO-HO-HEAVE HO!
WE GOT AWAY, DIDN'T WE? SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED!